

# Spectrum



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LONDON  
TEACHERS  
COLLEGE







**We Come...**



# ***We Left***



*with Memories*





# A Great Canadian



**Lester B. Pearson**

**"Look upon the greatness  
of your country as you  
have it before you day by  
day. And, when you feel  
her great, remember that  
her greatness was won by  
men with courage, men  
with foresight, men with a  
sense of honour, integrity,  
and service to country."**

**--Pericles**

## Dedication

**Let us recognize greatness.**

**Let us salute a truly great Canadian!**

**We salute a leader, a peacemaker, a statesman.**

**We salute a friend,-**

**A man of honour, courage, foresight, integrity.**

**A man who used God-given talents in the best way  
possible,-**

**In the service of his country.**

**One of the world's greatest statesman-diplomats**

**Is Lester B. Pearson.**

**Mr. Pearson--We Salute you, and Thank You.**

**-The Educators of Tomorrow.**

# Welcome Graduates



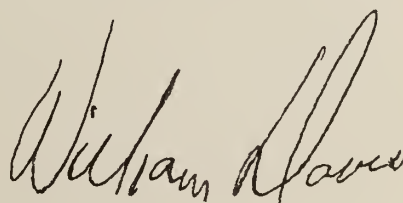
MINISTER OF EDUCATION



As Minister of Education, I am pleased to welcome the graduates of London Teachers' College to the teaching profession in Ontario.

In but a few months you will meet your own class and you will begin to exercise the teaching skills you have attained and use the academic knowledge you have acquired. The world which your students will face in their own future and for which you will help to prepare them will demand the very best that our youth can offer. It should go without saying that the same world will demand the best that our teaching staff can offer. It is my hope that you will never cease to grow intellectually and professionally as you serve in our schools and that you will take advantage of the many courses offered for practising teachers to upgrade your professional status.

You carry with you as you begin your teaching the very best wishes of the staff of your College and the Department of Education. I hope your days as a teacher will be satisfying and rewarding and that you will be both dedicated to your task and enthusiastic about your career. Good fortune go along with you!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "William R. Howie".



## **We both Graduate**

This year of 1968 marks your graduation and mine from London Teachers' College. You are a lot brighter than I. You did it in one year, and it took me twenty.

These twenty years have been happy ones indeed for me. Throughout them there have been many changes of staff, but my colleagues here have been distinguished as loyal colleagues, hard workers, eager innovators of change, and above all patient and enthusiastic guides of young people into their own chosen field of teaching. Our present building, in whose design I had some small share, is one of the most comfortable and elegant centres for teaching in this province, and certainly our maintenance staff have kept it one of the best-kept of all homes for education. The ladies in the office have kept me at the dozens of things I should otherwise have forgotten, and have suffered with a smile my quirks, whims, and shifts of direction.

But above all I shall miss the gay and lively and eager and attractive streams of young people with whom I have worked these twenty years -- in my opinion, admittedly a prejudiced one, the finest group of youngsters any man could wish to have in his school.

So it is a real pang to say goodbye to a job that for me has surely been as pleasant as it has been rewarding.

Nevertheless as I have got older, the school has got bigger and problems about its future more demanding. Now the time has come when for the sake of London Teachers' College I think I should give over the helm to a younger and more vigorous pilot. At present I hope to take a year to recharge my batteries through books and far-away places, and then to return to my first love -- teaching English to people like you.

So you are beginning to teach and I am hoping to return to teaching. What are the things that both of us should bear in mind? Foremost, that a teacher should know his stuff; but that stuff for a teacher is both the subject he teaches and the people whom he teaches. Really he cannot teach anything, but only help others to learn for themselves, in the way that fits each of them personally to learn. We must remember that gadgetry and methods are important things, but anything that is exciting because it is new becomes stale as it becomes familiar. One thing in teaching, however, never grows stale. And that is the enthusiasm a teacher has for what he teaches, and for the people whom he wants desperately to discover a way of learning for themselves.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "F. C. Biehl". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

F. C. Biehl  
Principal



# ***There's no madness in methods!***

The "know how" or method is the mark of distinction between a truly professional teacher, and any well-educated layman with a good understanding of children. When you reflect upon the year you spent at Teachers' College, perhaps you recall an almost maddening emphasis upon teaching methods. Not only were methods of teaching delt with during the intramural weeks, but also during your eight weeks of practice teaching. Methods lectured upon; methods discussed; methods written about; methods practised; methods critically analysed. Methods! Methods! Methods!

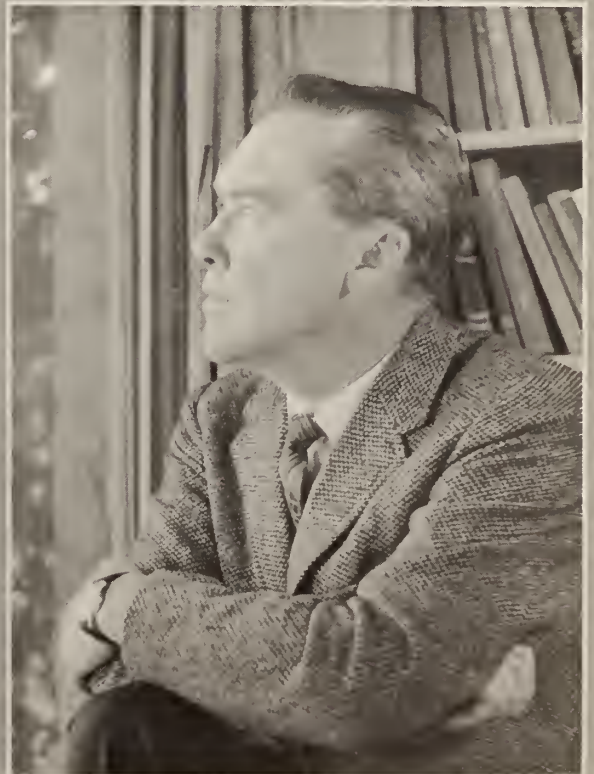
Despite the emphasis upon methods we are only too well aware that you have acquired only a rudimentary knowledge of how children learn, and how teachers help them in the process. Now, your task as you begin your career is to polish the elementary teaching methods you have already acquired meanwhile being constantly on the alert for new and better ways of teaching. Reading, observing, discussing, experimenting and evaluating will be the guiding activities on your way to true professionalism.

It goes without saying that a teacher must know the subject matter he is to teach and have a sound knowledge of how children learn; but it is the mastery of teaching methods that is the true distinguishing mark of the teacher.

My best wishes go with you as you take your places in the most necessary and most challenging of professions. I would wish for you health, courage, and enthusiasm to meet the challenge of teaching. And I hope that even now you will have recognized a purpose in presenting you with a madness of methods.

*D. F. Harris*

D. F. Harris  
Vice-Principal





# Our Faculty

*In one short year, they  
formed us into Teachers...*



Mr. R. M. Andrew  
B. A.



Mr. G. Atkinson  
B. A.



Mr. R. Bain  
B. A.



Miss R. J. Bartlett  
B. A., B. P. H. E.



Mr. C. Bennett  
B. A., A. R. C. T.



Mr. C. Birchard  
B. A.





Mr. G. A. Boate  
B. A., B. Ed.



Mr. A. Brendon  
B. A.



Mr. J. Crawford  
B. A.



Mr. C. R. Dunn  
B. A., B. Ed.



Mr. J. A. Eaman  
B. A., B. Paed.



Mr. J. G. Elford  
B. A., B. Ed.



Mr. G. Emerson  
B. A., M. Ed.



Miss E. Glover  
B. A., B. Ed., A. D. C. M.



Dr. H. Hutchison  
M. A., B. Ed., B. D.,  
Ph. D., L. L. C. M.





Mr. W. Laws  
B. A.



Miss C. E. Leslie  
B. A., B. Ed.



Mr. H. S. Long  
B. A., M. Ed.



Mrs. M. E. Magee  
B. A., *B. L. S.*



Mr. J. S. McColl  
B. A., M. Ed.



Mr. J. A. McKeown  
B. A.



Mr. R. Miller  
B. A., B. Ed.



Mr. C. O'Sullivan  
B. A.



Mr. M. E. Porte  
B. A.





Mrs. J. Savage  
R.N.



Mr. Wm. Scaldwell  
B.A., M. Ed.



MRS. M.E. MAGEE  
~~MISS M.E. MAGEE~~  
B.A., ~~B.A.~~



Mr. R.S. Smith  
B.A., M. Ed.

"A teacher affects eternity  
He can never tell where  
his influence ends."



Miss J. Staddon  
M.A.



Mr. J.N. Thomson  
B.A., B. Ed.



Mr. J. Tokar  
B.A.



Mr. R.H. Topp  
B.A.







To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:  
A time to be born, and a time to die;  
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which was planted;  
A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
A time to break down, and a time to build up;  
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;  
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;  
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;  
A time to get, and a time to lose;  
A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;  
A time to love, and a time to hate;  
A time of war, and a time of peace.

- Ecclesiastes 3 vs. 1-8.



# Form I

Wendy  
Albion  
Doreen  
Aslop  
Sue  
Amos



Karen  
Anderson  
Ellen  
Anderson  
Marianne  
Ashley



Carolyn  
Avery  
Betty  
Axon  
Diane  
Baigent







Lynn  
Baker  
Wendy  
Baker  
Pat  
Bechard



Marlene  
Bell  
Cindy  
Bezaire  
Ann  
Birch



Judy  
Blair  
Keri  
Bowman  
Heather  
Boyce



Bonnie  
Brand  
Philip  
Abbott  
David  
Abdey



Robert  
Axon  
Peter  
Bailey  
Robert  
Ball



Rodney  
Barker  
Craig  
Barnes



# Form 1



Connie  
Brandon  
Mrs. Clara  
Braun  
Jane  
Brazeau



Wendy  
Bright  
Lynda  
Broadhead  
Carol  
Brown



Lynne  
Brown  
Julia  
Brown  
Karen  
Brown

Shelley  
Brown  
Marie  
Bruce  
Linda  
Buesnel



Susan  
Burgess  
Linda  
Burr  
Linda  
Burrows



Jan  
Cadieux  
Mrs. Elizabeth  
Calvert  
Judith  
Campbell







Norman  
Barr  
Gordon  
Barrett  
Greg  
Beatty



David  
Bell  
Robert  
Best  
Tom  
Binnington



Peter  
Bode

# Form 2

Marlene  
Campbell  
Sharon  
Carroll  
Elizabeth  
Carruthers



Donna  
Cartwright  
Mrs. Marjory  
Catt  
Rosemary  
Caughell



Kaye  
Cavell  
Nancy  
Chamings  
Jo-Anne  
Cheung







Martha  
Chipps  
Bonnie  
Christain  
Margaret  
Clendenning



Carol  
Clinton  
Donna  
Clydsdale  
Elaine  
Coe



Brenda  
Connor  
Brenda  
Cook  
Wanda  
Cook

Jerrold  
 Bogart  
 James  
 Boland  
 John  
 Brittain



Dargan  
 Burns  
 Robert  
 Burns  
 Douglas  
 Bushey



Larry  
 Buskard





# Form 4



Pat  
Amorgowich  
Lynda  
Archer  
Sylvia  
Cann



Melody  
Cooper  
Elaine  
Gee  
Mrs. Anne  
Hart



Mary  
Hughes  
Bente  
Kjeldsen  
Lorraine  
Lambregts

Maija  
Leivo  
Mrs. Susan  
MacIssac  
Grace  
McAdam



Marlene  
McSpadden  
Shirley  
McVicar  
Susan  
Medlyn



Mrs. Dorothee  
Mousseau  
Caroline  
O'Shaughnessy  
Mary  
Pickles







Joyce  
Proctor  
Sister Mary Juliette  
Naud  
Susan  
Vance



Dawn  
Vetter  
Gerard  
Casaubon  
William  
Morkin



Holger  
Peters

# Form 5

Beverley  
Corbett  
Brenda  
Cordingley  
Diane  
Corneil



Carol  
Coulthard  
Sue  
Coxon  
Joan  
Crellin



Judith  
Crescuolo  
Sherry  
Crinklaw  
Patricia  
Crow







Ann  
Culbert  
Gloria  
Cumming  
Jane  
Davey



Mrs. Edith  
Davie  
Mrs. Shirley  
Dawson  
Mrs. Sandra  
Dedrick



Deanna  
Deighton  
Barbara  
Denison  
Sharon  
Deshaw

Rod  
Cameron  
Ed  
Campbell  
Larry  
Carey



Myles  
Caskie  
Robert  
Chantler  
Harry  
Chattington



Orval  
Christensen





# Form 6



Mary  
Dewar  
Pamela  
Dick  
Linda  
Dick



Antonia  
DiCocco  
Joanne  
Dietrich  
Linda  
Digout



Sue  
Douglas  
Cherie  
Edwards  
Linda  
Edwards

Sherry  
Eedy  
Susan  
Elliot  
June  
Errey



Nancy  
Evans  
Mrs. Jo.  
Fewster  
Mrs. Linda  
Findley



Anne  
Fisher  
Ann  
Forbes  
Marianne  
Ford







Mrs. Linde  
Fraser  
Vicky  
Glydon  
Gary  
Clark



Brian  
Clements  
Michael  
Clifford  
Gary  
Cooper



Dave  
Cornwall  
Gaetan  
Cote  
Gus  
Creces

# Form 7

Janet  
Galbraith  
Rosemary  
Gariepy  
Anita  
Gekiere



Betty Ann  
Genereaux  
Nancy  
Getsinger  
Maureen  
Giberson



Carolyn  
Giles  
Jo Ann  
Gillott  
Susan  
Gorringer







Carolyn  
Gould  
Jennifer  
Greaves  
Sharon  
Greig



Wendy  
Griggs  
Irene  
Gunsch  
Mrs. Ann  
Hagarty



Sue  
Hale  
Mrs. Nancy  
Hall  
Dan  
Dalton

Carl  
 Davey  
 Gary  
 Davies  
 William  
 Deane



Tony  
 Decevito  
 Brian  
 Deller  
 Larry  
 DeMay





# Form 8



Sandra  
Hamilton  
Carol  
Hanson  
Lorna  
Harding



Sr. St. Ronald  
Hart  
Sandra  
Harvey  
Phyllis  
Healy



Kathleen  
Hellyer  
Sharon  
Helps  
Mrs. Jean  
Hills

Audrey  
Hodge  
Barbara  
Hodgson  
Mrs. June  
Hogan



Rhoda  
Hoppe  
Mrs. Kathryn  
Hornburg  
Linda  
Hrabi



Walter  
Dutchak  
Ronald  
Featherstone  
Brian  
Felker







Leslie  
Ferris  
John  
Findley  
Kenneth  
Fregbairn



Dan  
Galbraith

# Form 9

Sharon  
Humphrey  
Shirley  
Hunter  
Linda  
James



Sandra  
Jenkins  
Joanne  
Jenney  
Mrs. Margaret  
Jensen



Patricia  
Jessup  
Aldis  
Johnson  
Sr. Maria  
Goretti







Rene  
Jowett  
Denise  
Juniper  
Gail  
Kavanagh



Lenna  
Kemsley  
Barbara  
Kennedy  
Shelia  
Kent



Jean  
Kinart  
Donna  
Kipper  
Catherine  
Klhare

Barry  
 Garner  
 Geeslof  
 Gdak  
 Paul  
 Gendron



Lance  
 Gianelli  
 Robert  
 Goodearle  
 John  
 Goossens



John  
 Gregory



# Form 10



Margo  
Kloeze  
Linda  
Knight  
Darlene  
Kozak



Mary Ellen  
Krause  
Hilda  
Kuizenga  
Mary  
Kyte



Marguerite  
Lackey  
Mary Lynn  
Laird  
Patricia  
Langley



Jo Anne  
Lawrence  
Ingrid  
Lay  
Lynn  
Leaver



Judith  
Lee  
Susan  
Lee  
Doreen  
Liley



Ursula  
Liske  
Carol  
Loft  
Catharine  
Long





Eva  
Lovell  
Peter  
Griffiths  
David  
Hall



Gerald  
Hall  
Barry  
Hansen  
Ian  
Hardie



Murray  
Harvey  
Michael  
Heal

# Form 11

Trudy  
Lucas  
Barbara  
Lunn  
June  
Lunn



Sharon  
Lyons  
Jo-Anne  
Machmer  
Jane  
MacKenzie



Judith  
Mahoney  
Patsy  
Marshall  
Maureen  
Mason







Darlene  
McAleece  
Jean  
McCandless  
Patricia  
McCarthy



Patricia  
McClintock  
Mrs. Mary  
McCoubrey  
Sr. Mary Dolors  
McDermott



Joan  
McEachern  
Kim  
McFalls  
Ann  
McGarrity

Vernon  
Hern  
Donald  
Holden  
Jim  
Howe



William  
Huxley  
Martin  
Huys  
Bernard  
Joosten



Bill  
Kovach



# Form 12



Marianne  
McGrail  
Arlene  
McGugan  
Linda  
McIntyre



Margaret  
McKenzie  
Sharon  
McKeown  
Bonnie  
McKinnon



Mrs. Barbara  
McLachlan  
Carolyn  
McLean  
Lois  
McLean



Linda  
McMahon  
Judith  
McMurter  
Mrs. Sandra  
McNall



Linda  
Mennie  
Jane  
Miller  
Ruth  
Miller



Patricia  
Miner  
Martha A.  
Minhinnick  
Albertha  
Minnema

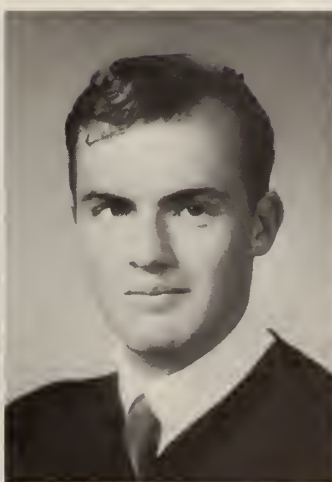




Mrs. Ethel  
Mitrovic  
Richard  
Lambert  
Charles  
Lawrence



Howard  
Lawrence  
Paul  
LeClair  
Michael  
Leech



Robert  
Leigh  
Gene  
Lewis

# Form 13

Janice  
Mizzen  
Linda  
Monteith  
Monica  
Morris



Sheenagh  
Morton  
Mrs. Jean  
Mungar  
Pat  
Napashey



Rosemarie  
Neilands  
Maxine  
Neller  
JoAnn  
Nelson







Linn  
Newton  
Colette  
Newton  
Mrs. Caroline  
Nolan



Filomena  
Noviello  
Ruth  
Ogden  
Alison  
Ogilvie



Patricia  
Olds  
Kathleen  
O'Neill  
Mrs. Carol  
Oostenbrink

Alice  
Oosterhof  
Barry  
Lightfoot  
Wayne  
Lightfoot



Bill  
Lover  
Ed  
Lyons  
Don  
McKinnon



Don  
McLean  
Derek  
McClintock



NO  
PHOTO  
AVAILABLE

# Form 14



Katheryn  
O'Rae  
Chris  
O'Regan  
Carollynn  
Page



Dianne  
Paiement  
Cheryle  
Parker  
Joan  
Parkinson



Sandra  
Passmore  
Debra  
Payne  
Maureen  
Payne



Janice  
Peaslee  
Carol  
Pelton  
Margot  
Pentland



Barbara  
Perry  
Mrs. Mary-Ann  
Plant  
Ursula  
Poehler



Carol  
Pollock  
Arlene  
Powell  
Regina  
Pyka





Earl  
McGuffin  
Peter  
McIntyre  
Larry  
McLaren



Douglas  
McLean  
David  
McLeod  
Bob  
McNaughton



William  
Millar

# Form 14

Barbara  
Bouchner  
Marjorie  
Clark  
Brenda  
Eaton



Mary  
Healy  
Beverley  
Jarvis  
Rosemary  
Karges



Margaret  
Marko  
Donna  
McPherson  
Mary Joan  
Moxley







Grace  
Rutledge  
Brenda  
Shilson  
Sandie  
Trowsdale



Wendy  
Webster  
Marlene  
White  
Karen  
Widdifield



Dave  
Bartlett  
Dave  
Blair  
Brian  
Telfer

# Form 16

Judith  
Quick  
Suzanne  
Rankin  
Mrs. Anna  
Rawding



Carolyn  
Ray  
Judith  
Regier  
Sharon  
Riley



Cheryl  
Rinn  
Deborah  
Roberts  
Mary  
Robinson





Pamela  
Robinson  
Mrs. Patricia  
Rock  
Shirley  
Rogers



Susan  
Rogers  
Elizabeth  
Rose  
Sr. M. Rosalie  
Rouleau



Laurel  
Rowbottom  
Penny  
Salter  
Paul  
Monger



William  
 Morley  
 Robert  
 Morrison  
 Murray  
 Neilans



Clifford  
 Newton  
 Gerry  
 Nudds  
 Patrick  
 O'Keefe



# Form 17



Mary Jean  
Sanders  
Jean  
Schermerhorn  
Bettie  
Schurman



Joan  
Scott  
Nancy  
Semple  
Constance  
Shack



Susan  
Sharp  
Judi  
Shelley  
Audrey  
Shephard

Barbara  
Shephard  
Judith  
Sherlock  
Mary  
Sheills



Janet  
Shute  
Brenda  
Slater  
Susan  
Sloan



Brenda  
Sloane  
Marilyn  
Smale  
Delphine  
Smibert







Leroy  
Parsons  
Jim  
Patterson  
Kenneth  
Pattison



Claude  
Pelletier  
Peter  
Pickersgill  
John  
Platts



Adrian  
Pontsioen

# Form 18

Corine  
Smith  
Jaynee  
Smith  
Sharon  
Smith



Susan  
Smith  
Sharon  
Smithson  
Esther  
Sofalvi



Lydia  
Sofalvi  
Shashikala  
Solomon  
Pat  
Sparks





Christine  
Springett  
Joyce  
Stack  
Linda  
Stanton



Lydia  
Stefanik  
Faye  
Stevens  
Barbara  
Stevenson



Patricia  
Stevenson  
Beverley  
Stewart  
Brian  
Robinson



Ian  
Rogers  
Noel  
Rozenveld  
Thomas  
Rudell



Michael  
Scotchmer  
Derek  
Shelly  
Ian  
Shouldice



# Form 19



Lynda  
Stinchcome  
Dzintra  
Stirajs  
Sue  
Stock



Kathleen  
Storey  
Patsy  
Strangway  
Mrs. Anita  
Stratton



Yolanda  
Strong  
Sr. M. Xavier  
Syzmanski  
Wanda  
Talbot

Barbara F.  
Taylor  
Barbara L.  
Taylor  
Margaret  
Taylor



Susan  
Taylor  
Martha  
Teulin  
Janet  
Thomas



Mrs. Joan  
Thomas  
Jane  
Thompson  
Donald  
Smith







Ron  
Sparks  
Jerry  
Swart  
Laurie  
Taylor



Jurgen  
Tietz  
Fredrick  
Trott  
Steve  
Turnbull



Ron  
Turpin

# Form 20

Anne  
Thornloe  
Mrs. Marjory  
Tilford  
Mary  
Timperman



Dianne  
Tontsch  
Lynne  
Tovey  
Nancy  
Townsend



Aletha  
Trudelle  
Elaine  
Turpin  
Linda  
Van Patter





Mary  
Wade  
Joyce  
Walch  
Brenda  
Warner



Helen  
Watson  
Anne  
Webb  
Eleanor  
Weber



Janet  
Weir  
Pauline  
Welch  
Jim  
Ulicny



Anthony  
 Vandenberg  
 Lambert  
 Vanderwyst  
 Joe  
 Van Dyk



Pat  
 Van Geytenbeek  
 Edward  
 Van Rees  
 Edward  
 Vera



Rene  
 Versaevel



# Form 21



Barbara  
West  
Patricia  
White  
Suzanne  
Wickerson



Christina  
Wikholm  
Nancy  
Wilcox  
Brenda  
Wilker



Carol  
Winn  
Judith  
Winnington-Ingram  
Nancy  
Withers

Judith  
Wolfenden  
Gayle  
Woolsey  
Susan  
Worrall



Leslie  
Wright  
Barbara  
Wunker  
Gloria  
Young



Ann  
Yusyp  
Bonnie  
Zinkie  
David  
Vince







Dale  
Wanless  
David  
Wark  
Gary  
Webb



Larry  
Weido  
Allan  
West  
Daniel  
Young

# Form 22

Linda  
Bower  
Beverley  
Brown  
Mrs. Indumati  
Conway



Ruth  
Deller  
Mrs. Darlene  
Dixon  
Mrs. Leslie  
Garnett



Mrs. Diane  
Glen  
Mrs. Mary  
Gower  
Judith  
Higgins





Malkin  
Howes  
Elise  
Jenkins  
Mrs. Sue  
Savel



Cora  
Smith  
Mrs. Janet  
Umpelby  
Richard  
Atkinson



Grant  
Boland  
Gary  
Devine  
Mike  
Henderson



Paul  
Lingard  
Stanley  
Norris



## *Late Admissions*

Jill  
Brash  
Arlene  
Gerogsky  
Mary  
Goldenburg



# Autographs





**i**t is impossible to prepare a child for any precise set of conditions. To prepare him for the future life means to give him command of himself; it means so to train him that he will have the full and ready use of all his capacities; that his eye and ear and hand may be tools ready to command . . . Education, however, is a process of living and not just a preparation for future living.

John Dewey





# *Helpers*



# Clergy



For the first time, L. T. C. students participated in an Interdenominational Religious Guidance Course. The members of the Clergy shown on this page gave their time, wisdom, and experience to guide and direct the students to a greater understanding of religion. The gratitude of the student body may well be expressed in the attitudes and impressions they will bring to their pupils next year.



# Religious Counsellors



From under a "Deluge" of books, appears our library staff. With grim determination, they wade through the hundreds of books returned following our practise teaching excursions.

And, during the entire school year, they assist us with guidance in research topics, for our many assignments. Without their patient and understanding efforts on our behalf, we would indeed be lost.

May we now take this opportunity to express our always felt, but seldom-expressed gratitude for your kind co-operation.



# The Office Staff



Miss B. Wilkinson, Miss P. Hall, Mrs. Judd, Mrs. Sutcliffe.

Pleasant, efficient, helpful --- words to describe our College Office Staff. The office staff spends hours typing and preparing the barrage of papers needed by both masters and students. Their continued efforts are appreciated and acknowledged, by all who come in contact with them.



# The Kitchen Staff



A familiar sight



The coffee break

It is a well-accepted fact that knowledge is food for the mind. However, food for the body is also a necessity. We are fortunate to have many accomplished chefs in our kitchen. These ladies have had to adjust to special diets, whims, and "odd-hour occurrences" this year --- and have come up smiling every time. They supply that very necessary cup of coffee between lectures.



D. Myles, P. Collins, F. Lee, B. Mundy, M. Geddes.



*And then they came*





# Three Retire from Staff



Cutting the cake at the retirement party are Donald VanDyken, Doris Ely, and Harry McGilton.

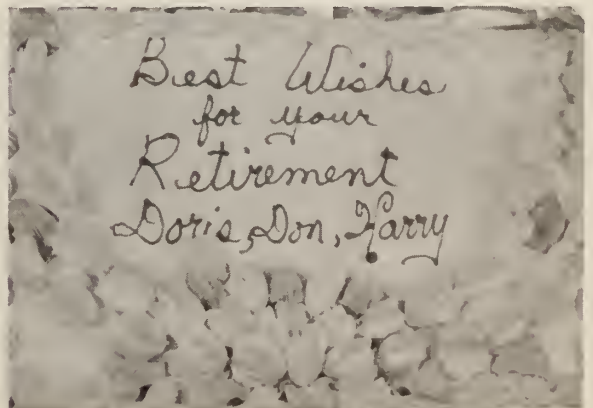
An honorary College graduation diploma was presented to Mr. McGilton recognizing his eleven years of service in beautifying our college.



Harry McGilton becomes an alumnus.



Doris Ely — the friendly little lady upstairs.



This put the icing on everything!



Click. . . and the silver halides capture one brief moment in time, time that waits for no one. I sincerely hope that Spectrum '68 reveals to you some of our joys, frustrations and triumphs, in this, the year that was.



***That's enough  
over there!***



***Well Hi There!***





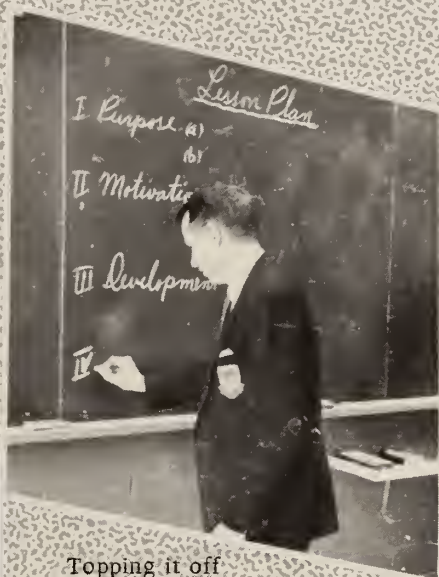
And Tomorrow  
The world . . .



You Don't Say



Great



Topping it off



Petal-Burst?



Frustration



T. G. I. F.





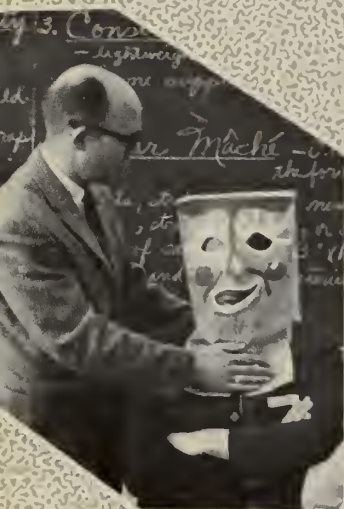
Some party!



Does she have to?



well, maybe



Much better. much better



The image



RIP!





Uhhmmmm . . .



Sister Paul



Turn off the bubble machine



Laying a finger aside of  
his nose



Fake it, Caskie, fake it.



Discovery



The swinger



And each a queen



Arrid - to be sure

**We are the music-makers**

**And, we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea breakers,**

**And, sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and World-forsakers,**

**On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.**

**-A.W.E. O'Shaughnessy**



# Literary



# Boat Dock





The clamour and clang of men and moving metal fill the air, as the huge ocean-going monster docks alongside the pier. Stevedores rush about in oddly ordered confusion. Immense vats of rubber are wheeled into place, for quick loading into the hungry maw of the ship. The boom squeals as it swings from shore to shore again. The air smells of tar, and seaweed, and fish. At the stern of the ship flies a bright foreign flag, and, at the main mast sail the Canadian and American flags. The sailors' colourful shirts with the dull grey of the stevedores' coveralls. A small boy and an old man watch from a distance while their pup cowers behind them, safe from the noise and hustle of the dock. In a surprisingly short time, the task is completed. The screw churns the water to a white froth and the ship moves out. There are few who take the time to say goodbye, save the old man and the boy.

A fisherman sits legs dangling on the edge of the dock. Overhead, an occasional seagull swoops for food. The roar of a smaller boat seems unbearably loud on the quiet air, which a short hour ago reverberated with the noises of working men. The dock takes an afternoon nap.

Night! Dozens of light bulbs glare up as if to extinguish their heavenly counterparts. The morning scene is being repeated, but it is recognizable only through major points of similarity. The noises are still there, but they seem muted, and far away, rising into the still air. The shouts of men echo across the water. The sharp black shadows cast by the electrical lights transform the daytime dock into a jungle of odd forms. All across the bay swarms of moths are drawn to the light. As ordered as ever, the chaos resolves itself into an accomplished task and once again the great ship moves out. Some feeling of companionship seems to pervade the scene at night, and many weary stevedores linger to wave as the ship rapidly becomes a blurred shape in the dark. Long fingers of light trace a way down the road away from the dock, and sleep settles over the water.

A couple sit in a parked car watching the moon, talking quietly, and breathing in the smell of the water. The gentle lap of the waves against the dock is soothing. Seagulls sleep, head beneath wing. The stars look down unrivaled on a dock temporarily at peace.

Mary !Ann Plant.



## **Grey Day**

We are canoeing down a straight stretch of the Maitland. It's a grey October day. Grey sky, grey water, grey rocks, even the dark green cedars are greyed.

Almost a dull day, except for pellets of rain and the driving, gusty wind that slaps and cracks our makeshift sail, tearing out the grommets and beating us with the corners.

The river is high, and the wind over the wide surface whips up whitecaps and drives them over the gunwale. Waves over the bow, our freeboard lessening and we are being driven into the shallow lee of the rapids.

Dismantle the mast -- Quick, quick! Rudder hard! and we swing wide, skim the gravel and shun the rock face and race the liquid, curiously unmoving surface of an eddy. Around the face, slipping over the bottom. . . .

A sharp bend left, and the wind drives my breath back down my throat. From here on it's paddle, paddle, until the river's twisted shape puts us in front of the wind again.

**David Bartlett**







**"On Equal footing"**

**by Ethel Mitrovie**



At last, a semblance of the old way of life began to return to Yugoslavia. People hiding in the forest returned to their homes and began to rebuild their ruined farms, and gather the remnants of their scattered herds. The work was hard, and painfully slow. Our farm had been profitable -- in fact, one of the richest in the area. My father, as owner of the grist mills on the river, had been respected, and, perhaps, envied by his peers. But, now, nothing remained but the house -- and that in spite of being used as a billet for Russian Soldiers. Although we worked till we fell into bed at night, we young ones felt the need of a little gaiety sometimes. We longed for the pre-war days, when, on Sunday afternoons, the old folk sat around in the shade, and gossiped while the youngsters danced the Kola to the music of a tamboritzza.

One day in late spring, I came in from the field to find a friend, Stan, waiting for me. When we were settled comfortably with glasses of cold buttermilk, he stated the reason for his visit.

"Boris", he began, "How would you like to make a short trip with me?"

I perked up my ears for I was ready for a little adventure after the tedium of spring planting.

"Sure", I replied readily.

"I'm going to see my uncle George near Tuzla, you know ---- He has a couple of beautiful daughters." He added coyly.

"Well, of course, you realize I'm not interested in girls", I chided.

By now, of course, wild horses wouldn't have kept me away.

Accordingly, we set out the following Friday. Birds twittered in the trees. The air was fresh and dewy, and, although the roads were pocked with small holes and we had horses no longer (they had all been eaten or destroyed long before), we set out on foot in good spirits.

As the day wore on, my shoes, not too strong to start with, began to wear. By noon, they were flapping around my feet and my socks were in ruins. To make matters worse, the route began to give me an unpleasant feeling of familiarity. Try as I would, however, I could not pinpoint the unpleasant memory. Why did I wish I were on my way home, rather than going to meet my friend's beautiful cousin? Certainly, there was nothing sinister in the hot afternoon sun, or in the grumbling of a bumble

bee going from clover blossom to clover blossom -- his legs thickened with a load of golden pollen.

Stan, tired and hot, trudging through the humid spring air, had ceased his rapid chatter. I was left to listen to the flapping of my shoe soles.

As it began to grow cooler, we saw the beckoning of a plume of smoke over the tops of the trees. In minutes, we were within sight of a neat, green cottage, nestled among even greener trees. Suddenly, the half memory that had been niggling at the back of my mind became clear. I stopped in my tracks. I had been here as a child with my father, on a cattle buying trip. I am ashamed to say, not a little snobbish about being the son of a prominent land owner. I had been sent out to play with the daughter of the house, while the men talked business. Vera had been her name. She had hair the colour of chestnuts.

"I am going to school next week", she told me shyly. "I've got a new pair of shoes." And she thrust out a foot clad in snowy white and shiny patent.

"I go to school already," said I grandly. "I can read already."

We were now in sight of the pig pen, enclosed by a fence of split rails.

"Bet you can't walk across." I challenged, indicating the top rail. She had glanced doubtfully at her shoes, very probably the only pair she owned. I curled my lip in scorn, and proceeded to show off, but I slipped and hung suspended by my belt, inches above the grimy pigs. As I scrambled to safety, her ringing laughter scalded my ego.

"All right, let's see you do it," I snapped crossly.

"Watch," and she scampered lightly across the rail. As she started back towards me, oh foolish pride, I shook the rail, and she fell into the filthy slime of the pig pen, soaking her shoes and stockings to the ankle.

.....

"Hurry up!" I heard Stan urging, and we shook the fatigue from our shoulders like an old coat, and coltishly chased one another to the door steps.

Stan's aunt and uncle met us, and with them stood their two daughters-- the little one, Luba, bold and laughing, and Vera. She took my breath away. Her hair sprang from her head with a life of its own. Her skin was cream and honey, her eyes sparkled.

If only she didn't remember me, and the episode with the pigs.

I sat quietly through supper, not wanting to say anything that would remind her of the past. As bedtime approached, I really became worried. It was the custom for a guest to place his dusty shoes outside the door of his chamber so that the host could clean and polish them for the following day. By now, shoes were a touchy point with me. Above everything else, I did not want this girl to see what I had been wearing on my feet.

"Oh don't be such a nut." Stan said as I worried around the room.

"If you don't put your precious shoes out she will think you are displeased with the hospitality."

I slept soundly after the day's exercise, and woke to find the sunlight streaming across my bed. In a flash, I dressed. What would be the fate of my tattered foot gear? Should I open the door? Perhaps, by some quirk of fate, my shoes would have been overlooked, and I could wear my host's slippers until it was time to go home.

The wish, however, was to go unsatisfied, for there, in the doorway stood Vera, smiling at me -- my boots mended and cleaned, held in her small white hand. Once again, they were a tolerable pair of shoes, thanks to the rejuvenation she had given them.

"Thank you", I said rather lamely, trying to avoid her gaze. But, our eyes met and I knew that she remembered, and that she was laughing at me. I had turned with my shoes to escape, when she spoke.

"Now we are even as far as shoes go", she said, with laughter in her voice.

"We can start on equal footing --"

I at last gazed without shame into that lovely face and felt dimly that she and I together would help to rebuild our native land.



Crackerbox

Crowded Cell

Tinderbox

Tenements tell

A tale of lice

Of mire of pain

A hell by twice

And a prayer for rain

Sandlot

Sunny steel

Zealot

Zulu zeal

A tale of fire

Of death and tears

A scar, a wound

To bleed a hundred years

Monday

Maddy Mire

Sunday

Shattered spire

A tale of despair

Of long lost hope

A cry for care

And no way to cope.

Politicians

Police pay

Contritions

Carnal clay

A tale of a day

That had to come

They make us pay

At the point of the gun

Anyday

All amends

Everyday

Eruption ends

We try to find

Just what went wrong

We rack the mind

With a funeral song

Now

No more news

How

Human hues

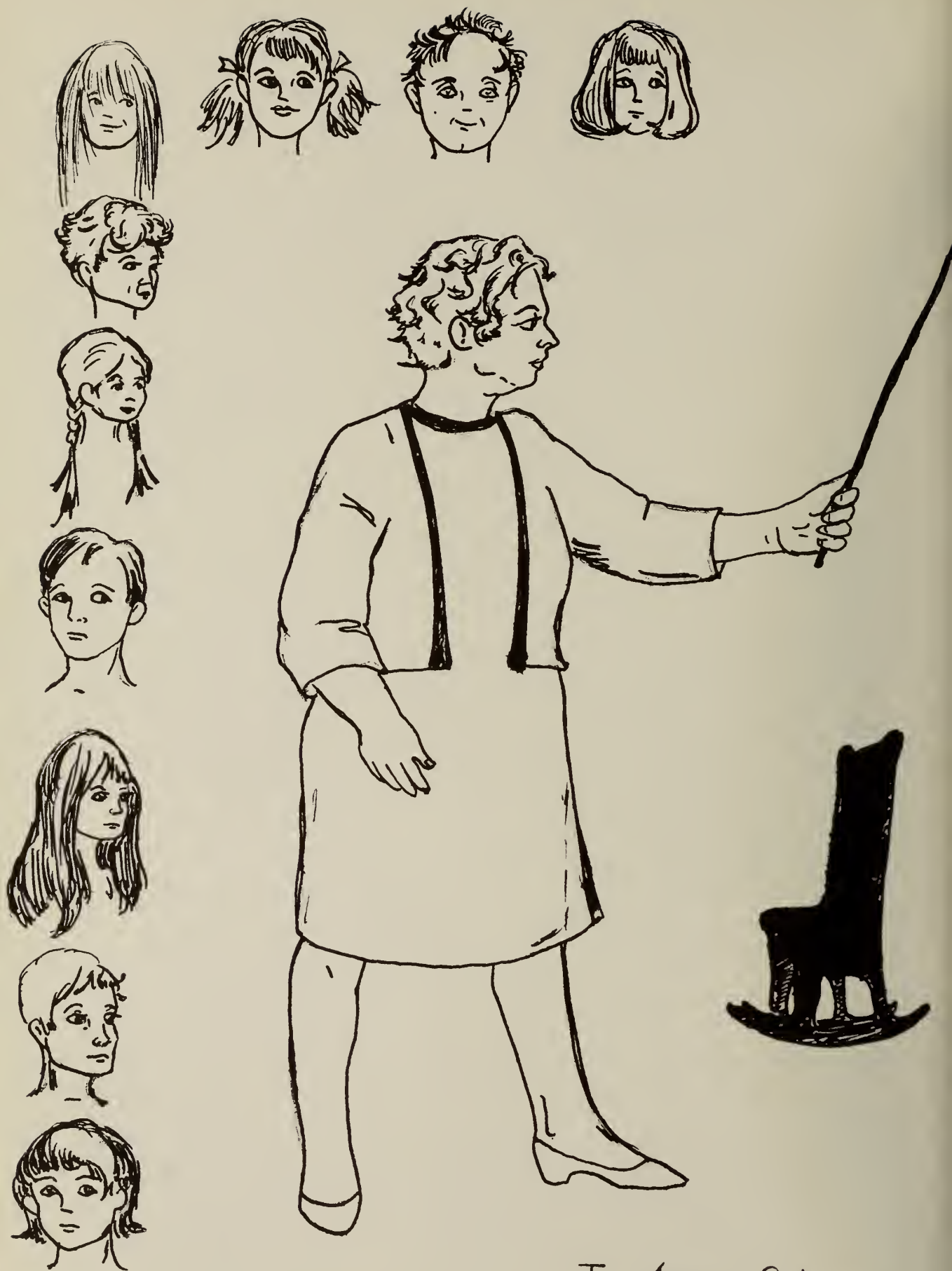
Can we live again

Rebuild once more

Redeem in the rain

Our long lost score.

**Andrew Simmons**



Jo-Anne Cheung.



# ***Granny's First Teaching Experience***

My neighbour was right when to me she said

"You're balmy, old dear -- clean out of your head!

Why ever try for a job like this --

That's certainly meant for a smart young miss,

Or a special bright young man --

Sit in a chair, and knit while you can!"

I'm stupid in Math., and dull in Art.

My printed letters are coming apart.

My voice is flat, my figure is not,

My turn is here, and I'm on the spot.

I'll clutch at the courage and I haven't yet caught

I may be a ninny -- a coward I'm not!

What mischief in this curly wee head?

What hurtful remark is yet to be said?

What imp is behind these sparkling eyes?

What child will cut me down to size?

My tongue is stuck, my mouth is dry,

On your feet, Granny -- at least you can try!

***Marjory Catt***

# ***This Evening***



**by Sarendra**

Blows softly the gentle wind.  
Shadows of evening on its fresh breath,  
Overcast the happiness of the parting day  
And highlight my ever-present sorrows.

Sighs softly the gentle wind,  
Whispering in my ear -  
Not of to-morrow's sunshine,  
But of to-night's darkness.

Calls softly the gentle wind.  
No longer singing in the summer trees,  
Calls greeting to the coming night,  
Farewell, departing sun.

Laughs softly the gentle wind.  
Teasing of to-morrow,  
Will it come?  
And, if it does, so will to-morrow  
Night.





# #1

I sit and stare.

And, to my eyes return the glare,

And to my ears the frayed melody

Shouts unenchanted disharmony

Of black on white.

I look intent,

At fingers crooked bent,

Playing crazy fast.

A melody mixed,

A harmony disarrayed, unfixed,

At black and white,

Making black on gray.

And, all the while,

Withgrowing smile

I listen as the melody unfolds,

As pleasure-filled the harmony unrolls --

Black on darkening gray.

And, finally,

Far from infinity,

The moving fingers stay.

Melody more clear than brightest day

Harmony in royal dark array,

Ringing in listening ears

Remit in crystalline unhindered tone --

Black on black.

These poems are the written reactions to three short films seen in an English auditorium session. All three films viewed man's lot and man's future with despair.

## Man

Once, man beheld the world in awe,  
Astounded by its beauty and grace,  
There was time to learn, and time to be taught,  
And man was at peace with himself.

Ah! But then he began to desire and to thrive,  
He could kill, and wound, and maim,  
He was ambitious and covetous of things he had not,  
A creature of comfort, desirous of fame.

Cities grew up where forests once stood,  
And, sprawling, dens of confusion and hate,  
Where millions of people breathed and died,  
Existed, but did not live.

No longer were simple things enough,  
No laughter, no clapping, no crowds,  
It became -- race, colour political beliefs, . .  
None were spared from this fate.

His inventions were great, his failures immense,  
His sense of values obscure,  
For what he hailed his ultimate success,  
He used to destroy the world.

Once more, the world is at peace in itself,  
The degrading intruder is gone,  
Man, the beholder of beauty and grace,  
Is banished by his own wrathful hand.

-- Alison Ogilvie --





## the Future...



### The End

The churches echo sweet refrain;  
"God sees the little sparrow fall".  
Where is He now. . . .  
No answer comes from the empty tomb  
But from the stage  
Come voices of a different hue  
Laughter and bizarre talk.  
Where is He now. . . .  
The art of centuries remains intact  
The stones reflect His Name.  
And, in a home, the voices stay,  
"My Daddy's birthday is to-day".  
All the fun of the family. Mother  
Dad and lovely youth --- all gone.  
Where is He now. . . .  
The question rings  
The papers blow ----- as autumn leaves  
Around, around but ---  
Nothing, nothing answers.

-- Mrs. J. Hills

## The End

I stand alone.  
Where children should play  
There is only silence.  
The swing moves  
Sullenly in the breeze,  
No small body pushing it  
To greater heights.  
Where should I find a crowd --  
Again, there is nothing but silence.  
I hear one sound,  
The clatter of machinery  
Sounding through  
The hollowness of corridors.  
But this sound, too, shall cease.  
For there is no man  
To tend this robot.  
Litter swirls endlessly  
In the streets.  
There is no one to  
Dispose of it.  
I stand alone  
With only the wind.  
And, I  
Will not be here  
Much longer.

-- Barb Wunker --



## On His Retirement

To all things come an end,  
and ends bring retrospection;-  
now ends the Biehlian reign.  
Enthusiastic scholar-teacher,  
apt to stir the culture roots of youth  
to probe for deeper, sweeter succulence.  
Perennial music lover,  
near-confident of music's great,  
sensitive to their whims,  
a human catalogue of compositions;  
nor yet can sing a note.  
Avid photographer,  
a lesser Karsh or Beny,  
with expert eye for the unusual,  
discovering lenswise newness  
in colour and perspective.  
Unhappy administrator,  
shackled by routines,  
slave of timetables;  
yet moved by head-on courage  
to face inevitables  
with neither bland indifference  
nor superficiality.  
Loyal friend,  
the all-season type,  
constant through sun or storm,  
protruding lip or ear-embracing grin,  
always superior to the pettiness of spite.

-----  
Herewith my retrospection too must end;  
Honour to me that I may call him friend.

**G.H. Dobrindt**





PRIME MINISTER · PREMIER MINISTRE

O t t a w a (4),  
February 9, 1968.

Dear Mr. Biehl:

It gives me great pleasure to join with your many friends in extending best wishes on the occasion of your impending retirement. I should very much like to be associated with the tributes being tendered to you at this time by teachers and students of London Teachers' College.

While I know that you will be greatly missed, you can take into retirement the deeply satisfying knowledge that your life's work and your influence on others have made a lasting contribution to your community, your province and your country.

With my best wishes for many more years of good health and well-earned happiness,

Yours sincerely,



ONTARIO  
OFFICE OF  
THE PRIME MINISTER AND PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

Toronto, Ontario.  
February 22, 1968.

Dear Mr. Caskie:

I am pleased to have this opportunity of writing a tribute to Mr. F. C. Biehl who will retire this year as Principal of the London Teachers' College.

I have known Mr. Biehl in an informal and in a formal way since 1948. In the former sense, I can pay tribute to a fine citizen of Ontario who has consistently strived for the good of his fellows. In the latter sense, I can pay tribute to a senior servant of the Province whose contribution to education in the training of young teachers has been outstanding.

Surely people such as Mr. Biehl have earned both the respect and gratitude of their fellow men and I wish him many happy years of freedom from the heavy responsibilities he has carried so well.

Yours very truly,

John P. Robarts.



# Stratford Man Heads London Normal School

London will have its youngest Normal School principal in Ontario next year with the appointment of F. C. Biehl, B.A., B.Ed., Stratford, to succeed Dr. C. E. Maric, principal for the past 17 years, who retires at the end of this term.

Mr. Biehl, 40, now master at Stratford Normal School, is one of Ontario's outstanding experts on primary education.

Mr. Biehl has been master at Stratford Normal School since 1939 except for one year, 1943-44, as public school inspector for Waterloo North. He was principal of the summer school in primary methods at Hamilton for the past two years; was a lecturer at MacDonald College of McGill University; will be a special lecturer in primary procedure at the University of Saskatchewan Summer School this year, and is editor of a series of elementary school

readers, "The Canadian Reading Development Series".

A native of Galt, he attended public and high school there, graduated from Hamilton Normal School in 1927, taught rural school at New Dundee and urban school in Hamilton where he became principal of King Edward School in 1934 and later of Gibson School, also in Hamilton. He was an honor graduate and medallist in English and history at Queen's University in 1932.

Mr. Biehl is secretary of the Ontario Normal School Teachers' Association and immediate past president of the Supervision and Training Department of the Ontario Education Association. He will assume his new duties as principal of London Normal School at the start of the next term in September.



**A few years ago**

## And now...he is to retire



**"Molly and Me"**

It is a pleasure on behalf of Windsor Teachers' College to extend best wishes to Mr. Fred Biehl at this time. Our College owes a great debt to your principal as most of our staff have been former students or fellow staff members at London Teachers' College. This bond took tangible form when your College presented a Polaroid camera to our new College in 1963. This gift was much appreciated in that first year.

No one can fully estimate the influence Mr. Biehl has had on education in Ontario. His respect for the scholarship, emphasis on high standards, and his uncanny ability to clarify confused issues with a few pungent words will be remembered as his significant contribution to all who know him.

As for the future, I hope that Mr. Biehl will have unlimited opportunity to continue the many activities which have brought him much satisfaction through the years. In view of his achievements I am sure Mr. Biehl exemplifies the philosophy of Emerson when he said "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

R. S. Devereux, Principal,  
Windsor Teachers' College.

# Welcome to the Club



In the Woodlot

We welcome you Mr. Biehl to the Club -- not the idle rich -- the busy poor. As one of your former staff members I am happy to recall many memorable incidents in that association. You gave us purposeful guidance. You challenged us. You questioned us. You "bullied" us into being good teachers.

You were like the "flint" that strikes the spark that lights the fire -- the flame that kept it going and the glow that stayed in our memory forever.

You were a compulsive salesman. You sold our profession to the public. You sold "teaching" to the student, and then you sold the teacher to the school boards.

You had a product the most precious of all products, and on everyone you left an imprint. To know you was to gain something.

Why should we hesitate to say "good-bye"? It is like good-night or good-morning or that loveliest of all salutations "God be with you."

Yours sincerely,

Winnifred Prenderghast  
Master, L. T. C.,  
1935-1965.

## Outstanding in Patience



His Favourite Photo

Such a short time ago we said "hello" and now it is time to say "good-bye". Anything I might say will surely have been said far more eloquently and graciously by the many people who have had the privilege of calling you friend and colleague these many years. Although our association was of short duration, the last two years for me have been ones that will remain in my memory as those when I was honoured to work for a man outstanding in patience, understanding and kindness.

This is the end of an era which has seen many changes, the most significant and durable of which has been the building of the beautiful college we now occupy, and which adds so much to the well-being and enjoyment of those who work and study here.

This is the end, but only of this phase of your life - may the years that follow bring as much happiness to you as they will to those who are fortunate enough to be able to call their friend, colleague or teacher.

-- Eileen D. Sutcliffe





ONTARIO

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

I first met Mr. Biehl many years ago when we were young teachers and students at Queen's University Summer School. Even at that time he was recognized as a brilliant scholar and a man who possessed the fine qualities demanded of an educational leader. Mr. Biehl's career since those early days has borne out that promise as he moved from the school system at Hamilton into Stratford Teachers' College and finally to his present position as Principal of the London Teachers' College.

In my opinion, Mr. Biehl's contribution to education has been outstanding. He has brought to his senior position the qualities of clear thinking, expert ability and sound knowledge. He has never been content with the passing grade of limited success and has always sought for himself and those he met the highest standards of individual achievement.

I join with the graduating class of '68 at London Teachers' College and with the graduating classes of previous years in wishing Mr. Biehl long years of happy living in his retirement.

Yours sincerely,

G. L. Duffin

Assistant Deputy Minister.

It is always a bit shattering to learn that a colleague of one's own vintage is about to retire. When one has had the pleasure of working closely with that colleague it is even more unnerving. F.C.B. and I did work closely since the principal's office in the old school on Elmwood Avenue had to house two desks, two chairs and two medium-sized males in space originally intended for three brooms and a pail.

It was suggested that I write of an experience but the innate reticence of the teacher - and a desire to keep my job a bit longer - prevent my giving details. I can recall an August afternoon spent in the Biehl living-room, where under the inspiration of the London sun, we constructed the almost perfect timetable for two schools and one staff in the same building. I am forced to say "almost perfect" since next day we discovered that the timetable would not work if any students showed up.

I count the months that I was privileged to work with Fred Biehl as some of the happiest and most satisfying of my career in education. To all graduates I could wish nothing better than that they meet at least one principal of the stature of F.C.B. during their careers.

To my friend F.C.B. - may we meet often - preferably here in this valley of tears. Ad multos annos.

J. B. Healy

Superintendent

Professional Development

Fred Biehl is acclaimed as one who has been a leader in teacher education in Ontario. He has given invaluable assistance to many young people as they set out on their teaching careers.

In December 1956, when London Teachers' College was on shifts because of overcrowded conditions in the original building, I was appointed principal of the afternoon group and worked in close liaison with Mr. Biehl until the end of June 1957. His advice and friendship were invaluable to me as I began a new stage in my career.

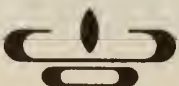
I join with a multitude in congratulating Mr. Biehl on his eminent successes and in wishing for him and Mrs. Biehl many happy years in his retirement.

Yours sincerely,

G. O. Dickenson,

Principal

Stratford Teachers' College





# A Friend

When I first met Fred Biehl, it was a gorgeous summer day in 1954, when he was in the middle of his iris period. We walked together among the rainbow beds behind his home on Victoria Street. He spoke to me of his goddesses and, though I thought his tone austere, I saw that his eyes shone warmly. I listened in awe, for he sounded like a rigorously trained botanist. His technical knowledge stunned me. Here was a busy educator, the principal of a large Teachers' College, probing the problem of the propagation of the plant genus "Iridaceae"!

A couple of years later, Fred Biehl and I taught Shakespeare together at the College. His incisive analyses impressed me; his immense power of concentration astounded me. The freshness of his explanations found me a ready listener, and I strove harder to emulate his enthusiasm, and achieve his undoubted mastery of the subject.

Imagine my personal delight when Fred Biehl invited me to accompany him to the Stratford Festival. He wrote to me in Toronto, to confirm our rendezvous. His card was brief, and precise. "Dear John," it said, "I shall meet you near the Japanese Bridge at 6:00 p.m. Saturday. Your Friend, Fred." There was something in those last three words that touched my heart. They were simple; boyishly honest; sincere; they were true. I treasured them.

Grim-faced, disciplined, intellectual Fred is at heart a deeply sensitive, loving man. I learned that when we first met, and it was confirmed in those words on my Stratford post card, which said so touchingly, "Your Friend, Fred." And, that, he surely is!

S.J. Rogers  
Principal  
Ottawa Teachers' College

All thinking is not thought; all activity is not action. One who would change the world would do well to emulate the kind of thinking, and stir himself to the kind of action that produced world-changers. Isaac Newton in his twenties invented Calculus. John Keats created masterpieces of poetic art at an age when most modern students are still languishing in the study halls of undergraduate schools. What qualities of mind produce such positive revolutionaries? Perhaps the best answer is to be had by examining a contemporary example.

Our principal, F.C. Biehl, is such a man. The very quintessence of his character is vigour, which, teamed with a vital curiosity and powered by a brilliant intellect, caused him to become a creative revolutionary in education. Paradoxically, he is a thorough-going conservative, in the sense that he quickly accepts and conserves that which has proven to be useful, and just as quickly replaces ineffective procedures with those which are effective and new.

Here, too, is a thorough man. His dedication to his vocation permitted him no other course. As an educator, his thoroughness of approach to many interests have made him a truly "Renaissance Man". All aspects of our culture attract his interest --- horticulture, music, literature, theatre, the graphic arts, architecture, and photography.

Considering these interests, together with proven scholarship, qualities of leadership and tolerance, it is not surprising that he became a great teacher.

Finally, I would be quite remiss, not to say that his characteristic vigour and loyalty are used in full measure in his friendships. I am honoured to have been a colleague and a friend, and, upon the occasion of his retirement, I wish for him continued good health, in order that he may continue his vigorous pursuit of knowledge.

Donald F. Harris,  
Vice-Principal.

The day we arrived at London Teachers' College, we were greeted by a friendly gentleman with white hair. Over the course of the year, we all came to know this man, and we will better be able to make contribution to education, by having done so. One guest at our school called Mr. Biehl "Great White Father". And, father he has been to each student at L.T.C.

It has been said that, with his retirement, Mr. Biehl's contributions to education will continue. I would like to add to this statement, by saying that each of us carries something of Mr. Biehl with us into our classrooms this fall, just as each graduate of L.T.C. has done in the past 20 years. What better tribute could we give to Mr. Biehl, than to try to live up to his expectations, and carry on his profession in a manner which would make our teacher, principal, and friend--proud.

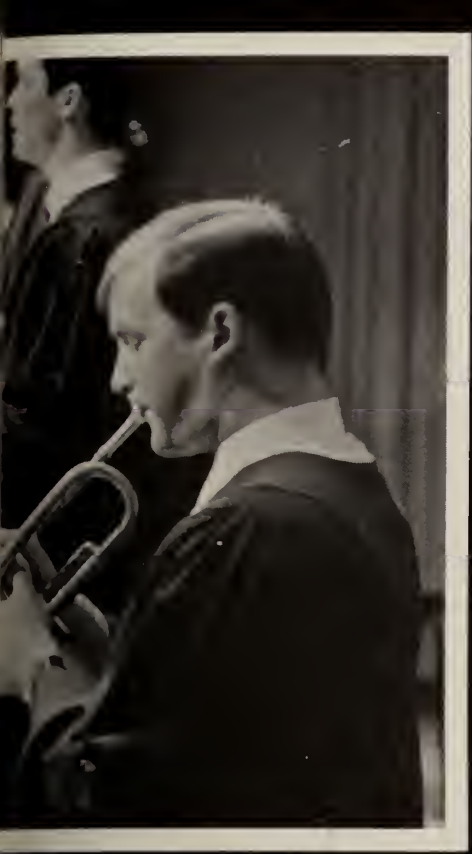
Mr. Biehl, speaking for the 1968 Student Body, may I express our appreciation for your kindness, your efforts on our behalf, and your understanding of the problems facing a new member of the profession.

Myles Caskie.



# College





# Capers





# Spectrum 1968



## Editorial

A very wise educator once said, "A yearbook published by a student body is not only a sign of life, but a rewarding educational and social experience." Those who worked so diligently on Spectrum '68 will surely understand these words to the fullest. If toil alone were the criterion, then the 1968 edition of our yearbook might well be regarded as the most successful yearbook ever published by London Teachers' College. This year's staff has worked many long hours in planning, organizing, financing, and, finally producing a pictorial review of a very memorable year (Your year as an industrious student teacher). Time, personal interests, and perhaps even higher academic standings have been sacrificed, in order to make this publication a worthwhile contribution to the "Life" of London Teachers' College.

It has also been stated that the success of any yearbook depends upon the imagination, initiative, and conscientiousness of those who compile and compose it. This year's staff possesses ample amounts of all three, plus many other outstanding qualities. To these people I extend my most sincere gratitude for their contribution to this edition. To Mr. Laws and Mr. O'Sullivan, our advisers who have kept the ship from going under a number of times, we thank you.

Forgive me, if I sound like a person "overworked and underpaid" -- it is not intended. Our excellent staff has worked hard and long hours, but has enjoyed the experience. We call it an exercise in social development. Despite the editings, despite the pounding of sidewalks soliciting advertising, despite the deadlines, we can honestly say -- "we enjoyed every minute of the experience." We hope that you enjoy Spectrum '68, now and in the future.

In parting, may I thank the masters, who have accepted late essays and assignments from our staff members, and who very graciously accepted our weak excuses for missing classes.

Speaking for the entire Staff, and all those who devoted their time in our support -- may I say: "Thanks for the experience!"

*William Morkin*

William Morkin  
Editor-in-Chief.

# The Staff



EDITORIAL, From Left to Right: Gus Creces, Nancy Evans, Mary Pickles, Mr. C. O'Sullivan, Myles Caskie, Caroline O'Shaughnessy, David Abdey.  
(INSERT - Orval Christensen)



BUSINESS: Alice Oosterhof, Mr. W. Laws, Mary Pickles, Larry Buskard, Jean Mungar, Caroline O'Shaughnessy, Philomena Noviello.





## From the Top

As we stand on the threshold of our future, it behooves us to stop momentarily and reflect on what has passed and what lies ahead.

This year has passed quickly; time being but a blur marked only by teaching weeks and assignments due. Yet these were but punctuation marks for with each passing one we knew we were that much closer to the realization of our goal.

We came from varied backgrounds yet with a common purpose to be teachers of future generations. We wondered, complained and didn't always agree with the things we had to do or with those who tried to guide us. We were struggling to make an identification with the world we are about to enter. No one amongst us would deny we are better persons for having been here.

This struggling should be the very key to our future. As we struggled to identify so will those whom we are about to teach. No greater gift can we give our country than giving it future generations to lead it ably. The late John F. Kennedy spoke perhaps the most profound words of this era when he said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Few other professions offer such a challenge to give something for their country. Let us be strong in spirit, mind, and body so that those whom we teach can look up to us and be better people for having been taught by us.

In closing I would leave you with a quotation I've kept for years "Always there will be along the sidelines of life inferior souls who throw mud at those attainments they do not quite understand. The man who really accomplishes doesn't pay attention to such detractions. If he did he would be on their level. He keeps an eye singled on the higher goal and the mud never touches him."

Nothing in this world comes easily so when the sun sets on our careers let us be able to look back with satisfaction and say, "I did my best." Good luck in your future.

*L. Barry Hansen*

Barry Hansen,  
Prime Minister.



# Elected Members of Student Parliament



ELECTED MEMBERS OF STUDENT PARLIAMENT, From Left to Right: L. Ferris, N. Withers, B. Axon, J. Proctor, L. Minnie, M. Scotchmer, C. Campbell, D. Cornwall, D. Bartlett, D. Smibert, Sister Dolores, S. Hale, Secretary; B. Hansen, Prime Minister; Mr. Biehl, L. Gianelli, Deputy Prime Minister; G. Nudds, B. Perry, J. Brittain, A. Oglivie, O. Christensen, J. Ulichney, Sister Xavier, D. Holden.



Parliament at work



Executive members



Brian Felker, Sue Gorringer, Sue Douglas, Jane Peaslee, Brenda Cook, Holger Peters, Martha Tevlin, Jane Brazeau, Judy Ingram, Sherry Crinklaw, Craig Smith, Pat McCarthy, Ruth Ogden, Phil Abbott, Ruth Miller.





## A Social Year



This past year, the Social Committee has been quite active in arranging social functions for the student body.

Our members worked diligently to present our first dance at Hallowe'en. The array of costumes worn by those in attendance was worthy of any spooky affair.

Christmas, with all of its splendour brought the ladies and gentlemen of our school out in the brisk night air dressed in their evening best, to attend our Semi-Formal dance. They danced until midnight to the music of New Tempo's orchestra.

The weekend of February 2 and 3, found the Social Committee up to their ears in melted snow, trying to create a successful Winter Weekend. Although we lost our snow sculpture contest, we did have a successful formal Saturday night. Miss Shelly Brown was chosen as our Snow Queen, and everyone swang to the rhythm of the Hi-Fi's.

In the future, we are looking forward to a Swim Party-Dance, and also the Graduation Ball.

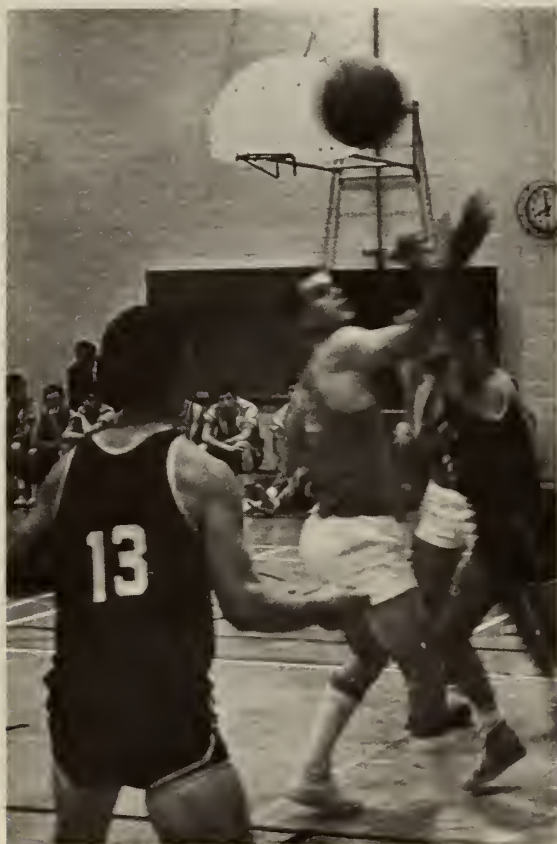
In closing, I would like to thank all those hard-working members of the committee. Their efforts and wide-spread talents made it possible for each affair to be arranged as smoothly as possible. Their freedom with time and ideas made everything just right. I would also like to thank our staff advisers, Miss Staddon, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Porte who were always willing to give of themselves for the success of any affair.

Paul Gendron,  
Chairman,  
Social Committee.



## Our Thanks to the Social Committee





## Athletic

J. Hart, P. McIntock, R. Karges,  
F. Stevens, L. McLean, S. Cann,  
S. Sloane, B. Dean, B. Chantler,  
ABSENT: President, Patrick Van

Can we visualize college life with no sports? of the Athletic Society to ensure that this dilemma accepted completely and all facets handled Miss Bartlett, Mr. Bain and Mr. Crawford we have athletic activities. Of special interest to us all have are in the making for a miniature golf tourney. Our sincere, for we are all fully aware of the organize these events.



## Society

M. Bell, P. White, J. Lee, B. Connor,  
L. Vanderwyst, N. Evans, L. Kemsley,  
W. Miller, D. Bell, L. Taylor,  
Geytenbeek.

Here at Teachers' College it is the responsibility does not occur: this responsibility has been exceptionally well. Under the direct guidance of been able to participate in a great variety of been Winter Weekend and the Swim Dance: plans appreciation of the work of this committee is truly tremendous effort required to so successfully





# Stage Crew



A valuable hard-working group our stage crew. They provide the lighting and sound for all auditorium programmes. In addition, the stage crew greatly assisted with the annual Night of Drama held in May.

Organized and counselled by Mr. Miller, the Stage Crew is one of the most active at the College. Peter Moore is the student leader among the stage crew members.





# Audio-Visual Committee



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Judy Crescuolo, Leslie Garnett, Shelley Brown, Anita Gekiere, Alice Oosterhof, Caroline O'Shaughnessy.

SECOND ROW: Joe Van Dyke, Lambert Vanderwyst, Dave Abdey, Bob McNaughton, Norm Barr, Bob Morrison.

THIRD ROW: Dave Cornwall, R. H. Topp, Director; Peter Moore.

ABSENT: Laurel Rowbotham, Pat Miner, Jurgen Tietz.

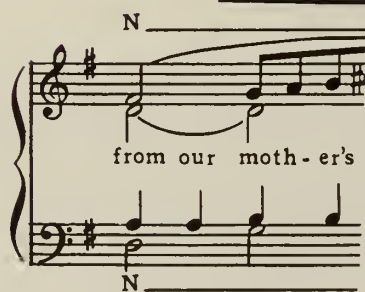
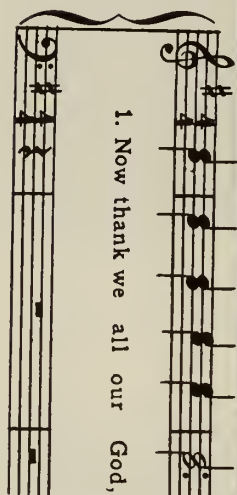
An outstanding group has arisen in our midst, the Audio-Visual Club! With much enthusiasm and dedication, each member performs his or her part. Members of the crew, in turn, spend a week in the projection room, operating the various machines. They also handle the sound system on stage, and dim the lights. These can often prove to be humourous tasks indeed!

Another important part of the club is their work in assisting the other students in the operation of various types of projectors, and then testing to make certain they are capable of using equipment in any school.

Our thanks to the students for their support and co-operation when difficulties arose.



Operating one of the major tools of the profession.

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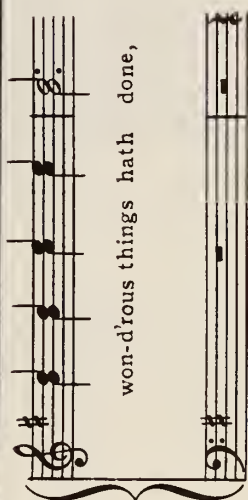
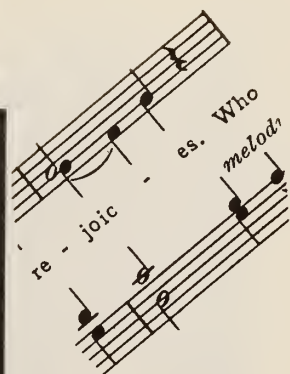
Mr. Bennett, Choir and Music Director

FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Marianne Ashley, Mrs. Pat Rock, Leslie Brenda Eaton, Marlene White, Donna McPherson, Rosemary Caughell, SECOND ROW: Bonnie Christian, Heather Boyce, Janet Hart, Sherry Trowsdale, Margaret Marko, Bev Jarvis, Brenda Shilson, Bettie THIRD ROW: MaryJane Sanders, Dargen Burns, Adrian Pontsioen, Dave Widdifield, Barb Buchner, Joanne Jenny.

count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.



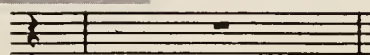
# College Choir



Wright, Lynda Broadhead, Mary Healy, Janice Priester, Grace Rutledge, Mrs. Jean Hills.

McKeown, Mary Joan Maxley, Rosemary Karges, Marjorie Clark, Sandie Schuurman, Shirley Rogers, Linda Stitchcomb.

Vince, Dave Bartlett, Jerry Swart, Gary Clark, Claude Pelletier, Karen



terfully maintained. The members sang most beautifully at the Christmas efficient and inspired Director.





# The Camera Club

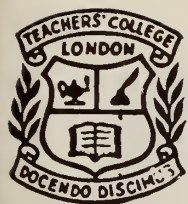


Comprising the Camera Club are Mr. Biehl, Rod Cameron, Myles Caskie, Mrs. Jean Hills, Orv Christensen, Dave Abdey.

The College Camera enthusiasts have been kept very busy this year taking photographs for the Spectrum yearbook, without which we would not have an interesting annual. Groups, activities, candids, and portraits are among their particular talents.

The Camera Club and the school owe a great deal to Mr. Biehl, to whom credit for most of the darkroom work should be given.





# Question Mark

## LONDON TEACHERS' COLLEGE



**College Boasts  
Newspaper for  
first time  
in 1967-1968**



Editor: Myles Caskie



### STAFF

Orv Christensen  
Caroline O'Shaughnessy  
Mary Pickles  
Alice Oosterhof  
Wendy Stevenson

The Christmas program was produced by the Question Mark staff. As the copies rolled off the press . . . . .





# Drama Club



SEATED: Mary Wade, Mrs. Nancy Hall, Maureen Mason, Arlene Gerofski, Mr. Boate, Bob McNaughton.  
STANDING: Myles Caskie, Jo-Anne Cheung, Anita Gekiere, Mary Pickles, Caroline O'Shaughnessy.

What is "drama"? Drama is a gray-eyed wonder. She can tell breath-taking tales of kings and princes, of dragons and unicorns. She sings songs sweeter than the sirens sang to Odysseus. Solemnly, drama declares that there really was a place called Cathay where bearded men thought measured thoughts and pale girls played dignified songs on their lutes . . .

This year, drama is turning her snapping gray eyes to an evening of nonsense and consequence. Through her eyes we will view life behind the looking glass, life in London's fair city, and life in rural Ontario. But what is life without people? Or people without dreams? It was once said that "drama is the blazing light of the sun reflected by the moon to us on earth." But as best we try, the things we do are never more than the shadows of our dreams.





# Natural Science Club



FRONT ROW: Paulette Dick, Connie Shack, Diane Baigent, Vicky Glydon, Wendy Griggs, Mr. Birchard.  
BACK ROW: Allan West, Larry Weido, Gus Creces, Brian Clements, Mike Clifford, Maureen Giberson, Lynda Fraser.

During the fall term, outings were held to the insect laboratory at U. W. O. and the electron microscope. Demonstrations were given of research techniques, and we were able to see how scientists really work in their own laboratories.

At the time of printing, plans were underway for outings to Byron Bog, the Weather Office, and Pollution Control Centre. Many Science Club members had an opportunity to teach at the Toronto Island Natural Science School, or Albion Hills Conservation School.

The Science Club also produced a very interesting and entertaining auditorium.



## A Memorable Auditorium

## Math Interest Group



SEATED: Mr. J. S. McColl, Gary Webb.

STANDING: Lynda Stinchcombe, Barb Lunn, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Calvert, Judith Higgins, Pat Bechard, Cindy Bezaire, Ellen Anderson, Doreen Alsop.

The Math Interest Group meets Wednesday mornings in Room 112 with Mr. McColl. It is a small group of students who are finding some of the more unusual aspects of Mathematics very interesting.

In past meetings we have seen a film on the use of the Cuisenaire method at various age levels and then worked with the Cuisenaire rods ourselves to see how practical and interesting they are. Another hour was spent on divisibility tests and formulae for the addition of consecutive numbers. In future meetings we hope to visit the Althouse College of Education computer department, see more films, work out brain-teasers, make up individual problem cards, see the patterns that exist in numbers and discuss enrichment topics.

## Metal Enamelling Group



SEATED: Sr. Maria Goretti, Donna Kipper, Sharon Grieg, Nancy Getsinger.

STANDING: Mr. G.V. Atkinson, Irene Gunsch, Carolyn Giles, Margaret Taylor, Anne Fisher, Marianne McGrail.

The 1967-1968 school year was a memorable one for the students of the college who chose Metal Enamelling as their interest group. This was a new organization established this year to cater to the broader interest in the Art of students attending the college.

Wednesdays, the students gathered in Room 103 to learn the art of enamelling on copper. The group enthusiastically designed and executed pieces of work, and then anxiously awaited the final results of the firing in the kiln. Imaginative and colourful cuff links, pendants, earrings, and brooches were skillfully crafted under the guidance of Mr. Atkinson. Each student had a memento of the pleasant times spent in the college.



# Philosophy Club



SEATED: Larry Carey, Bev Corbett, Robert Burns, Margaret Clendenning, Toni di Cocco, Brenda Cook.  
STANDING: Dan Dalton, Wanda Cook, Mrs. Marjory Catt, Mr. Emerson, Lorraine Lambregts, Sister Juliette, Harry Chattington.

Involvement is the key to the philosophy club. This vital group never fails to create a thought-provoking discussion. Its purpose is to stimulate thought, and when the final bell rings, it is to find a new problem, raised but not solved.

Variety is the spice of the philosophy club. Guest speakers, masters, students themselves, present and summarize problems. Then the fun begins! Topics range from freedom and determinism to the question of morality. If one viewpoint appears to be running out, Mr. Emerson, plays devil's advocate, to stimulate further discussion. Members may leave angry, but never bored. The Club President is Larry Carey, and Vice-President is Bev Corbett.

# Bridge Club



MEMBERS ARE: Susan Vance, Ann Hagarty, Mary-Jane Goldenberg, Mr. Dunn, adviser; Anita Gekiere, Mike Scotchmer, Bill Lover, Doug Bushey, Sharon Smith, Phil Abbott, Jackie Burns, Arlene Gerofsky, Mr. Smith, adviser.

On Monday evenings a small band of dedicated students extended their search for knowledge under the guidance of masters of permutations, combinations and sets (in the persons of Messrs. Smith and Dunn).

Basically, we were a group of novices buried in new terminology -- points -- suits -- rank -- open -- slam -- redouble --. Gradually peace and order began to appear from toil and trouble. Finally, the cry, "Oh, I made a contract", sounded the ultimate discovery that even in the midst of darkness, eventually, there shall be light.

-- part-score; -- game; -- vulnerable; -- rubber; -- penalty; -- bonus; -- . . . .



# Kindergarten-Primary Interest Group



SEATED: Trudy Lucas, Jean McCandless, Barb Stevenson, Gail Kavanaugh, Mary Jane Goldenberg, Sheri Edwards.

STANDING: Jane Davey, Ruth Deller, Brenda Wilker, Wendy Baker, Anne Hagarty, Audrey Shephard, Miss C. E. Leslie.

The Kindergarten Interest Group provides for the study of the Kindergarten Curriculum and the day of a kindergarten child. The group studied some of the interests and tendencies of the five year old pupils. Under Miss Leslie's guidance the students studied and presented various theories relative to the teaching of Kindergarten. Such themes included games, activities, and art production. Several guests addressed the Group members, discussing topics pertinent to Kindergarten teaching. The students were also able to spend a week of their practice teaching time in a Kindergarten class, thereby participating in a meaningful program.



# ***Exceptional Children Interest Group***



FRONT ROW: Carol Hanson, Barbara Hodgson, Cheri Parker, Mrs. Savage, Sharon Helps, Mrs. Braun, Nancy Chamings.

SECOND ROW: Connie Brandon, Mary Robinson, Betty Axon, Sister St. Ronald, Esther Sofalvi, Sandy Passmore, Regina Pyka, Carolyn Avery, Lynn Baker, Bonnie Brandt, Caroline Gould.

THIRD ROW: Darlene McAleece, Mrs. Dietrich, Deborah Roberts, Linda McIntyre, Mrs. McGugan, Linda Stanton, Sister Rosalie, Mrs. Garnett, Karen Anderson, Mrs. Telfer, Donna Clysdale, Sharon Carroll, Mrs. Dawson.

BACK ROW: Mrs. Hills, Elise Jenkins, Joanne Machmer, Donna Cartwright, Linda Findley, Mrs. Fewster, Chris Wilkholm, Janet Gailbraith, Jennifer Greaves, Corine Smith, Lydia Sofalvi, Mrs. Oostenbrink, Sue Wickerson, Mrs. Edith Davie.

## ***What do you know about exceptional Children?***

Each week, a group of student teachers meet to familiarize themselves with children who show a marked deviation from the normal in mental, physical, emotional, or social characteristics. These children are found in every classroom, and, in order to educate and train these pupils to use their abilities and talents to the maximum, it is necessary to first identify them and second, to provide the best possible learning experience.

Through observation of the children in special classrooms, guest speakers, films, and discussion, the student teachers have the opportunity to gain an insight into the many special programmes and services which are available in the education of these children.

Mrs. Savage, Mr. Scaldwell, and Mr. Toker provide the guidance for this interest group.







**If I should lose,  
let me stand by the road  
and cheer  
as the winners go by!**

**Prayer of a Sportsman**



Pete McIntyre, Murray Harvey, Gary Cooper, Dave Bell, Rod Barker, Jim Boland, Bob Burns, Pete Bode, Mr. Bain.

ABSENT: Tom Binnington, Greg Beaty.

Swish. . . two points more! And that is the style in which our team has played all season. From the first practice Mr. Bain has skillfully guided these spirited players to victory after victory for a total of seven consecutive wins to publication date. It was only through a most enthusiastic team effort that this success was achieved; we, the student body are indeed proud of this record.





## Cheerleaders

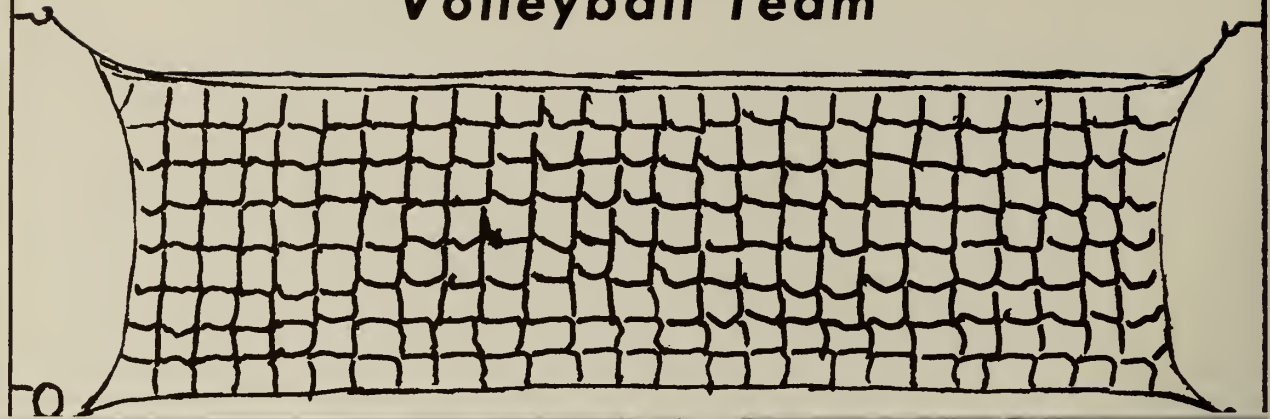
This year, eight girls from the London Teachers' College formed a cheerleading group. They are Anita Gekiere, Judy Lee, Cathy Long, June Lunn, Linda McIntyre, Linda McMahon, Sue Sloan, and Faye Stevens.

The cheerleaders travelled to Tillsonburg to support the Boys' Basketball Team when they played against the Tillsonburg Jets. They were also present at Althouse when the L. T. C. team played A. C. E. and narrowly missed a victory. We would like to thank the spectators for their support at this game. We hope your support will continue and encourage our team to win.





# Volleyball Team



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: L. Buskard, B. Lightfoot, M. Clifford, D. McLean, D. McKinnon, G. Creces, B. Axon, B. Clemens.

Our gymnasium this year has often been frequented by eight members of the college who most actively engaged in the controlled pursuit of a flighty volleyball. This team, coached by Mr. Andrews, played in both the Public Utilities Recreation League and the College League. Although these players were not able to equal the standard set by our basketball team, we are pleased with the sportsmanship displayed and by the enthusiastic spirit so obviously apparent.



Although the London Teachers' College Hockey Team did not win the championship, other than the games scheduled during our teaching week, (lost by default), the team went undefeated. With the wide margins evident in the scores, in our favour, we can consider 1968 a very successful season.

The team consisted of: Barry Hansen, goal; Bill Deane, Martin Huys, Dave Wark, and Bill McLean, defense; Jerry Hall, Dave Hall, Barry Lightfoot, Steve Turnbull, Barry Garner, Tony Decevito, Dan Galbraith, forwards. Members of the team would like to thank Mr. J. Crawford for his coaching of the team.



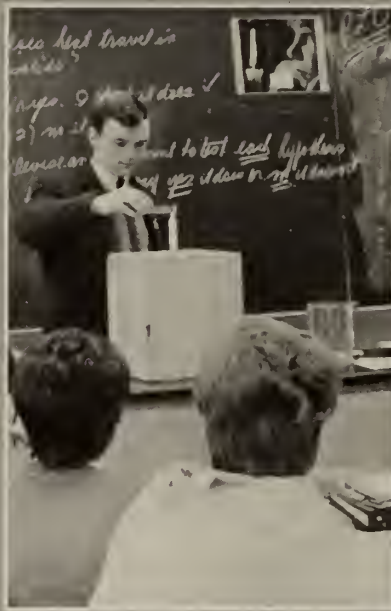
White crystalline fluff - many students this year joined a new organization here at college and took advantage of winter's snow on the ski slopes. These ski club members did indeed have a widely varying capacity for this sport but under skillful guidance total enjoyment was had by all active members. Once again, we, the class of '68 have set a precedence for future colleagues to follow.

**But---**  
**we also shine**  
**in**  
**other pursuits**





# The Work...





# The Play...





# *The Moments of Leisure...*



# The Creative Teaching...

At last it's here! The time has arrived for progress and creative thinking on the part of student teachers. In our ever-changing world we must always be prepared to stimulate creativity in our pupils. The responsibility falls upon us to instill in our pupils the desire to understand more thoroughly the progress being made in our homes, our community and our country. This year we have tried to learn as much as possible about the new methods in education designed to help the pupils achieve these goals.

In progressive classrooms teachers and pupils are busy in group work and discussion. The individual pupil is learning in a new way, at his own level of understanding and rate of achievement. This is indeed an exciting era in which to begin teaching. We stand prepared to teach, to encourage and to learn as we work with the children in our new careers.

## Communication Field Enters The Classroom

**INGERSOLL**—There is much to be said in favor of the trend toward the "new education" system if the work done in a classroom at Sacred Heart School during the past two weeks is any indication. The students had the world of communication brought to life for them to see and in which they were able to participate.

Bill Morley and Mike Clifford, two young men from London Teachers' College brought tangible communications media into the grade four classroom of Sister Benedicta. Radio, television, telegraph, telephone, the newspaper and sound devices of various types came alive in the modern combination of social studies and science.

A telephone system with miniature telegraph poles, headset and telephones at either end of the room allowed the pupils to make calls and actually see the processes through which the voice goes in its transmission.

### AUTHENTIC LOOKING

A telegraphy hookup showed the students how the dot-dash messages were relayed and an authentic-looking television set up into understandable language the working of this medium.

Improvised props brought realism into the pupils' participation with an authentic-looking microphone being constructed of the hook-ended pole normally used to open windows with a wire winding its way up to a sink-stopped transmitter.

The student teacher explained that this "microphone" was so realistic to the pupils that when they spoke into it their voices automatically rose in volume. This was strategy on the part of the teachers who had the microphone at a height which caused the pupils to raise their heads with the resulting rise in carrying power.

A crystal radio set on the windowsill had its aerial strung outdoors to a nearby tree. Varying volumes of water in glasses showed the students the tones and notes which could be produced by striking the containers. Bottles with graduated water levels were shown to produce a variety of notes when the bottle mouths were blown across.

A "nail piano" was an intriguing model from the realm of sound, it being a row of spike nails set in a plank at graduated depths. A nail strummed across the row of nails gave forth a harp-like sound.

Cigar box guitars, constructed of rubber hands across the sound box opening, taught the children the variation of notes

produced by changing the tension of a string.

Part of the student teachers' plan for the children's excursion into the world of communications was having the students send for information to the various communications media. Both children and teachers were delighted by the quick responses to these requests.

Diagrams made by the children as well as "ancient scrolls" depicting the earlier communications, plus illustrations, combined art work, English, research — in fact an integration of all subjects — into play in their learning.

In commenting on the student teachers' two weeks in her classroom, Sister Benedicta stated that actually seeing communications in reality, even if some were in model form, was much superior to teaching the subject in theory. She also said that participation had the effect of bringing shy students out of their shells.

The enthusiasm and efforts of these young student teachers are to be commended. This type of teaching undoubtedly is an advance step in education. And as Sister Benedicta commented, "Probably a generation hence they will be actually taking the children to the moon, for example, when they study that planet."



*The Beauty of it all...*





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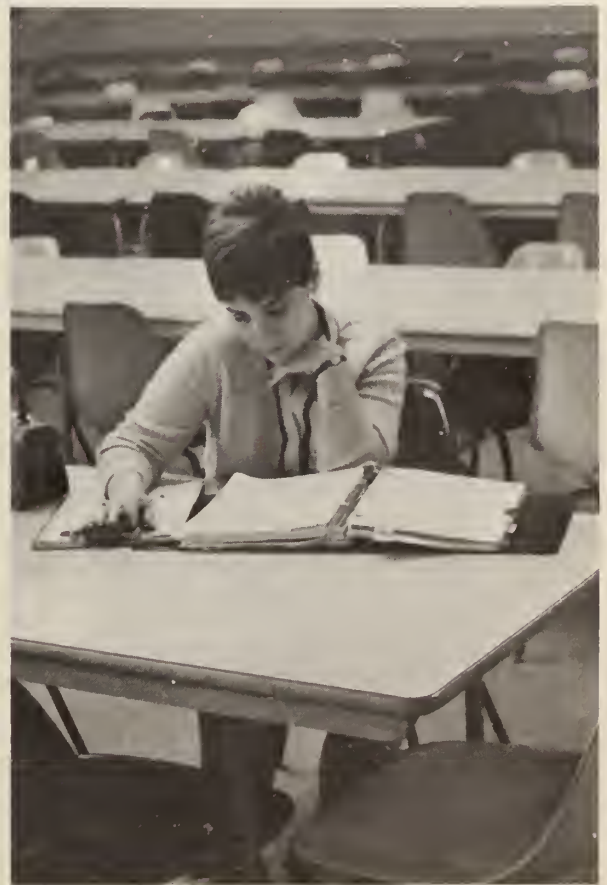
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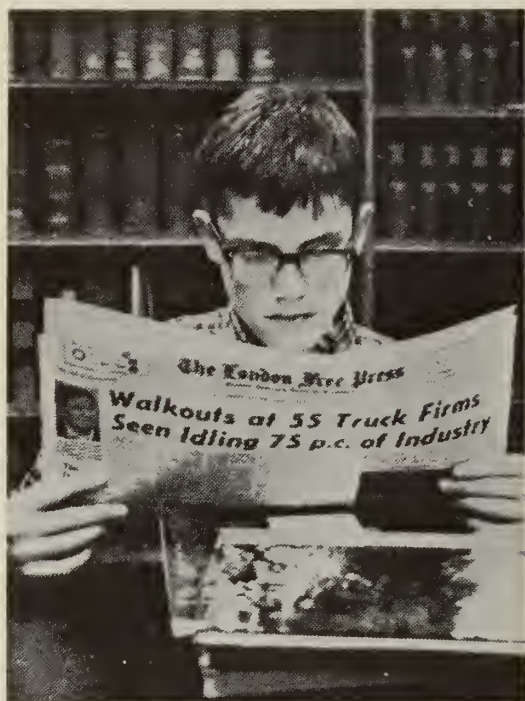


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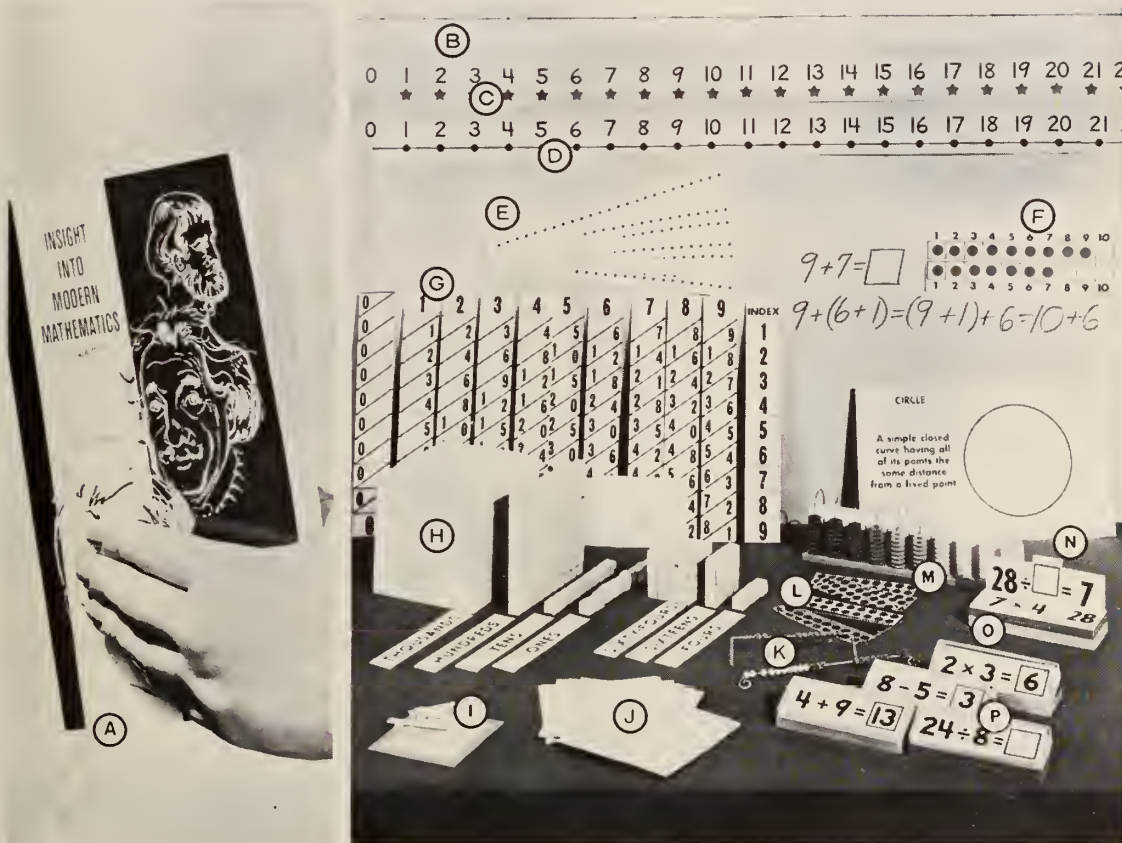
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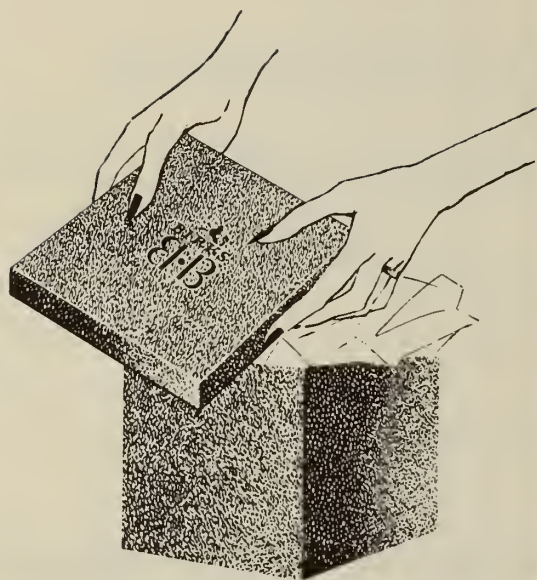
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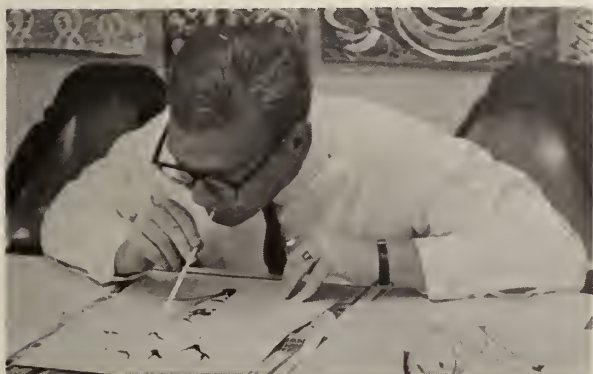


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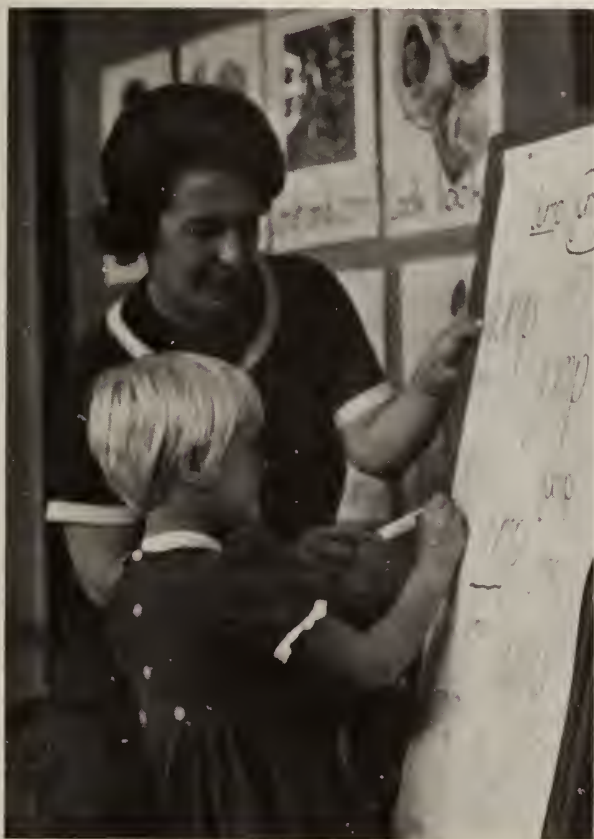
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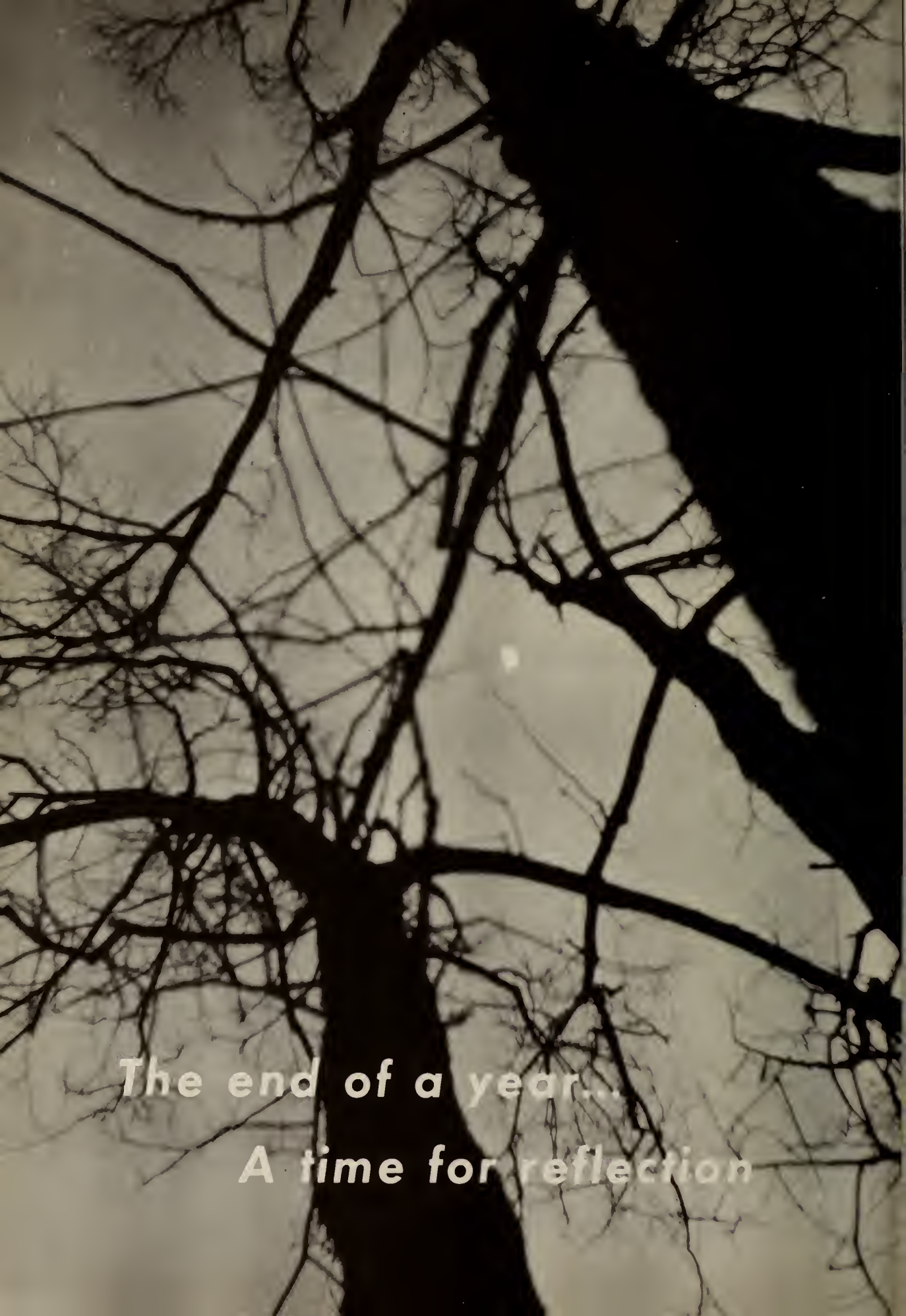
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